

THE FUNNY MAN'S BEST GIRL.

BY
HOWARD
FIELDING.

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by C. W. Hooke.

You can't pick up a comic paper without reading about me. I am the funny man's best girl. He loves me better than a mother-in-law, or his Chicago girl with the big feet. I am the homely typewriter girl who is employed by the gentleman with the jealous wife.

Few of my readers can realize how hard it is to be a living joke; to be a sister to the banana peel on the sidewalk and to the countryman's carpet-bag. Let me assure you that it is very trying.

I wasn't always a homely girl. Five years ago I was quite pretty, and at that period of my life the humble typewriting instrument was far below the level of my ambitions. I expected to marry a rich man, but the rich man married somebody else, and very inopportunistically for me, because it was just at that time that we all became poor. My mother's little fortune went to Australia in a trustee's pocket and never came back. So my sister and I had to go to work.

Helen, who was a great expert with the camera and had won prizes in amateur contests until she couldn't have carried her medals in a basket, got a position in a fashionable "studio" at \$7 a week, and I studied stenography and typewriting. I worked hard and became good at my trade.

I began my professional career at \$5 a week and worked up to \$15. Every dollar advance cost me two pounds of flesh. I forgot how to dress or how to fix my hair. There were wrinkles around my eyes, and my mouth was set in an expression suggesting that I fed upon worn-out typewriters and other scrap iron. I had stood it well enough until Helen lost her position and mother fell ill. Then I began to do extra work in the evenings and on Sundays, and that was the end of my youth. Oh, it's all true enough—I was a homely old maid at 25!

When I, too, lost my position last spring, I felt—well, as soured and old as I looked. However, it was not my

I went to work immediately and really had quite a busy day, though it ended before 5 o'clock.

"You won't find me so diligent on the average," said Mr. Hamlin as he prepared to leave the office. "I usually wind it up about 4. Can you be here at 10 o'clock tomorrow?"

Ten to 4? Was I a banker?

All this was too good to be true, and it came to me with an especial shock of joy because I had just had my first experience of that peculiar fear which comes from the failure to get work—the sensation that all doors are shut and only the way that leads down to abject poverty is left open. When Mr. Hamlin had gone, I actually sang for the first time in months.

Our offices were at the east end of a corridor. Midway down this corridor are branches to right and left, like the arms of a cross, and on the sides of these arms are the elevator shafts.

On my way to an elevator, just before I reached the intersecting hall, I dropped a glove, and as I stooped to pick it up I heard two office boys talking as they waited by the shafts. They and I were not in sight of each other, though so near. One of the boys I knew to be in Mr. Hamlin's employ, and this was the conversation I overheard:

"Al Hamlin's got a new typewriter."

"Homely as the last one?"

"Is she? Say, the other one was a dream alongside of this one. She's a sketch. She looks like 50 cents marked down to 25."

"His wife won't let him hire any other kind, they say."

"And that's right. She's a dragon, for sure. But this new girl will just suit her eye. Thin? Say, she's so thin that the seam down the middle of the back of her dress waist sticks out on both sides of her. When Mr. Hamlin saw her, he knew he'd struck the real thing, and he engaged her in a holy minute. He isn't hunting trouble, that man!"

"Down 11!" cried the elevator man,

attractions. I put on the sourest face that mortal ever wore and cuffed the typewriter as if I had been a hired nurse and it a baby.

Mr. Hamlin didn't come back when he was expected, and by and by the lady took her hatchet face and cold gray eyes out of the office. I breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed to me that I had passed the inspection fairly well.

It was wonderful in the days and weeks that followed how Mr. Hamlin was always out when Mrs. Hamlin called. I grew to regard him as a supernatural being, endowed with powers of perception entirely beyond those of ordinary mortals. He must have known when she was coming. I have seen him jump right up in the middle of his work, jam his hat on and hurry away, and inside of three minutes Mrs. Hamlin would be announced.

After awhile she began to talk to me. She was always perfectly polite, perfectly cold, utterly disagreeable. She communicated absolutely nothing. It was all questions.

How could that marriage ever have happened? I used to wonder. Matches are made in heaven, they say, and surely the reasons for most of them are known only there, where all mysteries are clear.

During July, August and a part of September I saw nothing of Mrs. Hamlin. She must have been out of the city. Singularly enough—perhaps—Mr. Hamlin, though so rich and really not very busy, remained in town.

In those few months I perceived that a great danger threatened me. Kindness, uniform consideration, reasonable work, the end of worry—all produced their effect upon me. Happiness is the best tonic. Helen and I, being both at work at last, were able to send mother to the seashore, and she wrote of wonderful improvement in her health. I think Mr. Hamlin heard about her, for just before she went away he raised my salary so that the burden of added expense really did not count.

And now for the peril. With all these cheerful things happening, and despite the summer heat, I began to grow young again. I gained 15 pounds. My face looked smooth as a young girl's even in the crooked mirror at my boarding house, and I got a color like the famous milkmaid's. I trembled for Mrs. Hamlin's return.

Back she came toward the end of September, and when she first visited the office, if she had been an artist engaged to paint my picture she couldn't have studied me more closely. I was scared, and the next day I came down to the office almost in disguise. I looked just as bad as I could.

In the afternoon of that day Mr. Hamlin was standing by the window with a fieldglass in his hand, and he called me to his side to look at a beautiful steam yacht that was coming down the river.

"That's my yacht," he said. "I haven't had much chance to use her this summer, but I'm going to cruise in her nearly all winter. I can leave here at right. My brother will be free to take up the work. He's been so occupied this summer with the affairs of the Wall Street National that he's had his office in the bank building. But that's all over, and he's coming back here. So I'll go and take a rest. My health requires it."

And he laughed.

"Then you won't need me any more?" said I, and it seemed to me that I spoke calmly enough, but somehow the strength had all gone out of me, so that the fieldglass, which I was still absurdly holding at the level of my eyes, dropped from my hand.

Mr. Hamlin caught it before it reached the floor. I never saw anything so quick and dexterous as that. It was lucky for me that he was standing near, for the glass was jeweled and worth I don't know how much money.

"Oh, how fortunate!" I exclaimed. "If I had broken it!"

"If we had broken it," he interrupted, "Al's wife would have given us fits. It belongs to her. She left it here the other day, and I tell you Mrs. Al isn't a person to be trifled with. You've seen her?"

"Yes," said I as if speaking in a hypnotic trance, "but I thought—she was—Mrs. Albert—Hamlin."

"You've heard her spoken of as Mrs. Al Hamlin perhaps," he said. "Al is my brother. I'm usually called Bert by my intimates. The lady in question is Mrs. Al, thank heaven! I really beg her pardon. She's a most excellent woman, but you know I'm not married, and so I speak after the disagreeable fashion of bachelors. Let me see; what were we talking about? I shouldn't need you any more or something like that. Really it's nonsense, you know. I couldn't get along without you."

"But you're going away on your yacht?"

"True, true," said he nervously. "Could I be of use to your brother while you are gone?" I asked. "Perhaps."

"My brother?" said he. "Oh, no! Alfred has a secretary. You should see her, poor girl. Mrs. Alfred has curious taste in the matter of secretaries—for her husband—and you couldn't do at all. For particulars consult the mirror. You're getting more and more unfit for Alfred's secretary every day."

"Now, please, don't be offended. You must know that you're so pretty that I have to put you with your back to me in order that I may do any work at all, and even then your hair—my heart is all tangled up in it this minute and never'll get away."

"Jennie, I want you to go in the yacht with me. I want you to be my wife this very month, and then we'll sail away, heaven knows where! The sea is wide, but I will love you a year for every wave on all the oceans!"

I didn't hear any more. I died right there and woke in paradise, and he was still speaking, still telling me that he loved me—me, the homely old maid!

COLUMBIA A WINNER.

Crosses Finish Line Mile and a Half Ahead of Shamrock.

YANKEE BOAT LEADS FROM START

First Race of the Series a Complete Victory For the Columbia Outfalls and Outgenerals the Challenger—Fishes Over Ten Minutes Ahead.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The cup which the old schooner America won so commandingly against all comers over the course around the Isle of Wight in 1851 and brought back across the seas will probably remain here another year, a defiance to the world. In a glorious breeze, over a windward and leeward course of 30 miles, the Columbia scored against Shamrock yesterday in the first race of the 1899 series for the trophy. She bounded across the finish line fully a mile and a half ahead of the challenger, defeating her by 10 minutes and 14 seconds actual time, or 10 minutes and 8 seconds corrected time, after allowing the six seconds handicap which Columbia must concede to the challenger on account of her longer water line. It was a decisive contest, a magnificent race, magnificently sailed and magnificently won. Opinion as to the merits of the two boats had been somewhat divided as a result of the flukes during the past two weeks. Although the preponderance of expert opinion never wavered in its loyalty to the wonderful speed and ability of the white flyer, no nautical sharp expected that the Shamrock would be so overwhelmingly vanquished as she was in yesterday's royal struggle. The Yankee boat outgeneralled her at the start, beat her hopelessly in windward work to the outer mark and gained 22 seconds in the run home before the wind. There was a good strong 10 or 12 knot breeze, and it held throughout the race. It is undoubtedly a bitter blow, because the English hopes of lifting the cup have never been higher since the Thistle met the Volunteer in 1887. Like the Shamrock she was decisively defeated in the first hour's sailing. The regatta committee, as a result of the showing made by Columbia today, are convinced that the cup is safe. Blow high or low, Columbia it is believed by her manager, Mr. Iselin, can beat Shamrock. Sir Thomas, like the true sportsman that he is, confessed after the race that he had been fairly beaten. He had no apologies to make.

Easy Victory for Columbia.
Both in time and distance the yachts were so far apart that it was a rather poor finish from a sportsman's view. When the Columbia swept across the finish line the Shamrock was scarcely visible astern, only the outlines of her sails being seen. Ten minutes and 14 seconds in time elapsed between the finishing of Columbia and Shamrock, which meant in distance about a mile and a half. The official summary:

Start—Columbia, 11:01:06; Shamrock, 11:01:03.

Finish—Columbia, 3:54:59; Shamrock, 4:05:10.

Elapsed Time—Columbia, 4:53:53; Shamrock, 5:04:07.

Corrected Time—Columbia, 4:53:53; Shamrock, 5:04:01.

Thus the Columbia wins by 10 minutes 14 seconds actual and 10 minutes 8 seconds corrected time.

After the race, while the yachts were being towed back to their moorings, Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin ranged up alongside Columbia. The Erin's officers and men, led by Sir Thomas, gave three hearty cheers. They were quickly responded to with three cheers from the Columbia's men, led by Oliver Iselin. A number of yachts fired guns as salutes to both yachts at the finish. Every steamer saluted with her whistle and the Shamrock's welcome was quite as noisy as Columbia's. The yachts and excursion fleet soon vanished in the mist home-bound.

Pure Food Commission Law.
LINCOLN, Oct. 17.—Attorney General Smyth will file an agreed case in the supreme court today, by which it is proposed to establish whether or not the law creating the pure food commission is constitutional. All creamery concerns in the state which may be interested in the outcome of the suit will be notified and it is expected several of them will be represented at the hearing of the case. Auditor Cornell has refused to allow the salary claim of Deputy Food Commissioner Hibbard on the grounds that the law under which he is acting is contrary to the constitution of the state.

NEBRASKA ODD FELLOWS.
Reports Are Read and Officers Elected for the ensuing year.

HASTINGS, Neb., Oct. 18.—The annual state meeting of the grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the Rebekah assembly opened here yesterday with a combined attendance of over 300. The grand encampment of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was called to order by J. S. Hoagland of North Platte. Various reports were read, after which the following officers were elected and installed: Grand patriarch, James Taylor of Lincoln; grand senior warden, E. C. Hedrich of Tecumseh; grand scribe, I. P. Gage of Fremont; grand treasurer, F. B. Bryant of Omaha; grand high priest, M. D. Cameron of Tecumseh; grand junior warden, J. C. Shaw of Lincoln; representatives to sovereign grand lodge, W. B. Heim of Omaha and Jacob Heiler of Hastings.

George Ray Under Arrest.
AUBURN, Neb., Oct. 18.—Sheriff Cole received a telegram from a town in northwestern Iowa, notifying him of the arrest of George Ray, who last December killed Frank Cheesman of Brownville, this county. Ray admitted

his identity and offered to return without a requisition. The sheriff has gone for him. Cheesman surprised his wife and Ray together at his home one evening and in an encounter between the two men Ray shot Cheesman fatally and escaped. Several hundred dollars in rewards have been offered for his capture.

Congregational Council.
HOLDREIDGE, Neb., Oct. 18.—The 43rd annual meeting of the General Association of the Congregational church of Nebraska convened here yesterday. Rev. Cressman of Crete was elected moderator. The opening address was delivered by Rev. A. J. Rogers of Columbus. The Franklin Glee club of Franklin academy gave a concert in the evening. There are about 135 delegates in attendance and an excellent business meeting was held.

Farmer Seriously Crushed.
PERU, Neb., Oct. 18.—John Kauser, a young farmer living about one mile southeast of Peru, received injuries yesterday while gathering corn which may result in his death. He attempted to turn his wagon at the end of the field when the horse suddenly backed into a deep ditch. Kauser was caught under the wagon and badly crushed about the chest.

Three Children Fatally Burned.
GENEVA, Neb., Oct. 18.—The children of Jacob Hofferber, a boy of 11 and girls of 8 and 2 years, tried to light a fire while their parents were absent, using coal oil. An explosion followed, throwing burning oil over them. The eldest girl died soon after being rescued. The boy is dying and the baby, it is thought, cannot live.

Union Pacific Increases Capital Stock.
LINCOLN, Oct. 18.—The Union Pacific Railway company filed amended articles of incorporation with the secretary of state yesterday, increasing the capital stock \$32,718,000, bringing the total up to \$196,178,700. The fee paid the state is \$3,277.

Enjoins the State Board.
LINCOLN, Oct. 18.—The supreme court yesterday afternoon granted a temporary injunction restraining the board of transportation from proceeding with the hearing of the complaint of John O. Yeaser against the Nebraska Telephone company.

Suicide of Clara Ellis.
BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 18.—Miss Clara Ellis committed suicide last evening by hanging herself in the garret of her father's residence. She was about 17 years old and was well known here, having been born and raised in Beatrice.

A Diamond Lover In Love.
A collector of gems in Boston possessed three perfectly matched solitaires, of blue, rose and yellow, and would show them to his friends as the loveliest combination of colors he knew anything about. The true lover of gems prefers stones uncut, so he can stir them about with the point of the Jeweler's nippers or a pencil and enjoy their unalloyed sparkle and purity in every phase of light. These three perfectly colored diamonds, which were carried in the man's waistcoat pocket, wrapped in cotton, were valued at several thousand dollars, but one day Cupid appeared, and then one of the precious trio went into a blazing engagement ring, and the remaining two eventually found themselves turned into "jewelry." Such is the power of love.—Boston Herald.

Coglian Goes to Alaska.
CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—Captain Joseph B. Coglian, formerly commander of the United States cruiser Raleigh, left here yesterday for Sitka, Alaska, where he goes to take charge of the government lighthouse district of that territory.

In Sweden there are floating canneries. They are small vessels, which follow fishing fleets, and men on them can fish while they are fresh.

BIG BATTLE RUMORED

Boers Said to Have Been Repulsed at Mafeking.

ARE NOW THREATENING DUNDEE.

Own Paul's Troops Congregating Before the City to Attack British Commanders Order Evacuation, Which is at Once Complied With by Noncombatants.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Dispatches from the Cape are very meagre, but they include an important message from Glencoe camp, dated 3:35 Monday afternoon, announcing that the Boers' commandoes which invaded Natal and after occupying Newcastle, advanced to Pannhauser, retired in Ingagane Sunday evening, their transport service being reported defective. This will delay indefinitely the hoped for assault on the strong British position at Glencoe. Another dispatch reports activity on the part of the Free State commando in the neighborhood of Aliwal North, on the southern frontier. The Boers' advance patrol, the dispatch adds, go to the frontier bridge nightly to keep watch, firing shots at intervals as signals. It is believed the enemy intends to shortly rush the railway station, with the aid of artillery posted on a commanding ridge. There are rumors that the Boers have been repulsed at Mafeking and are attacking Vryburg.

Dundee is now practically empty. Special trains have brought down 3,000 persons, mostly women and children. A military order to evacuate was received in Dundee at 9 o'clock this morning. Private reports say that a Boer column is advancing from Deurgers direct against Dundee, with about 15,000 men, but this number is greatly exaggerated. Probably there are only about 7,000.

The Daily Mail's Cape Town correspondent Monday, 11 p. m., telegraphs: "A report has reached here from native sources that the Boers have been repulsed at Mafeking with heavy loss. The news at present lacks confirmation."

Ominous Signs of a Dutch Rising.
A Cape Town paper has a dispatch from the Orange river stating that the telegraph wires have been cut between Vryburg and Kimberley and it is expected the Boers are taking advantage of a large gathering of disloyal farmers at Vryburg celebrating Naachtmaal to attack the town, hoping that the farmers will assist them against the British. The same dispatch says the British force at Kimberley is confident of its ability to hold out, but urges the immediate dispatch of a relief force. This question of a possible rising of the Dutch farmers in the northern part of Cape Colony is very important. There is serious disloyalty and much anti-British agitation in these districts, while the Free State Boers threaten an immediate invasion of Coleridge.

The Daily Mail's correspondent asserts that Sir Alfred Milner is worked to death and that Cape Town is surging with bitter resentment at what is called the Schreiner cabinet's betrayal of Mafeking, by its constant refusal to send a volunteer force to its relief. Many residents of Cape Town have relatives at Vryburg and they are furious with Messrs. Merriman and Sauer, respectively colonial treasurer and commissioner of public works, and the ministers are mobbed when they appear in public.

In Sweden there are floating canneries. They are small vessels, which follow fishing fleets, and men on them can fish while they are fresh.

The Farmer Works Hard

For a living. He has to. He must "make hay while the sun shines," no matter how he feels. He may feel hardly able to crawl around but he can't neglect the stock. He must work in all weathers, sweeter under the July sun, shiver in the January snow, or be soaked to the skin in heavy rain storms. But it's work, work, work, regardless of wind and weather for the farmer; work seven days in a week and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

The result of this incessant strain is often "stomach trouble." The farmer eats hastily and heartily, often when the stomach is in no condition to receive food, without a period of rest. He rushes back into the field and sweats and slaves while the stomach strives in vain to digest the food which has been put into it. Then indigestion appears. The stomach feels unduly full and distended after a meal. Fermentation occurs and there are sour or bitter risings with constant belching. As the entire digestive and nutritive systems become involved symptoms multiply and suffering increases.

For such a condition there is no medicine so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It re-establishes the health by a complete cure of the diseased organs. It cleanses the stomach and strengthens all the organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, invigorates the liver and nourishes the nerves.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery" nor does it contain opium, cocaine or other narcotics. It is strictly a temperance medicine.

"I was troubled with indigestion for about two years," writes Wm. Bowker, Esq., of Juliette, Utah Co., Idaho. "I tried different doctors and remedies but to no avail, until I resorted to Dr. Pierce, and he told me what to do. I suffered with a pain in my stomach and left side, and thought it would kill me. I am glad to write and let you know that I am all right. I can do my work now without pain and I don't have that tired feeling that I used to have. Five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels in a healthy condition. They work with "Golden Medical Discovery" and should be used with that medicine when a laxative is required.

OMAHA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

FALL TERM—Opens Monday morning Sept. 3. **Work for Board**—We furnish all the places to work for board. You can attend this college for half the cost of any other college. Send us 25 names and addresses of young people in need of business education and get our College Weekly one year free. Our new catalog free to any one. Address, ROXBOROUGH BROS., Omaha, Neb.

I HAD TO SIT IN THAT BIG ROOM ALONE WITH HER FOR HALF AN HOUR.



fate long to endure the misery of the unemployed. In less than a fortnight I had secured a position as secretary to Albert Hamlin, the well known lawyer, as the newspapers say.

I never shall forget that day. It was a strange mélange of joy and woe, like a life condensed. In the first place, when I was waiting to have my trial I prayed heaven to give me the position, because I wanted so much to spend my days in Mr. Hamlin's offices. They are high up in the Brayton building, and from the windows one can see everything.

All the rooms in Mr. Hamlin's suit were big, handsome, elegant. So was Mr. Hamlin himself. And he looked so young! I felt old beside him, though he was born ten years before I was.

He greeted me as if he really was glad to see me, and of course I never thought there could be a reason for it aside from the courtesy that properly belonged to a man of such an aspect.

The trial of my abilities which followed seemed brief and easy, probably because I expected fate to bar the way to so good a place with unusual difficulties.

I think I breathed twice—maybe three times—in the ten minutes during which Mr. Hamlin was examining my work, but when he said, "This is extremely satisfactory, Miss Blaisdell," I drew one breath long enough to make my average right.

Then he offered me the position of secretary—he was careful to say secretary—and inquired if \$20 a week would be satisfactory in the beginning. Twenty dollars a week! Twenty gold mines in the Klondike! Was it satisfactory? Well—

and down went my heart; down, down into the subcellar of despondency.

Isn't it silly in one to be so hurt by the rough side of the truth? Those boys hadn't told me any news about myself, and why should I care for their opinions? Yet, while I stood there waiting for the next car two big tears of misery welled out of my eyes, and each found a good, deep wrinkle to run away in.

It was mean of fate to spoil my day. I had been so happy, and now I must think all the way home that this big, kindly man whose praise of my work had pleased me so much had really employed me only because I was "a sketch."

There's no doubt that I was hurt. The next morning, though I felt it might jeopardize my bread and butter, I ventured to fix my hair a bit and make my dress look a little more becoming.

Mr. Hamlin seemed to notice the change in my appearance, and I thought he showed alarm. He was in the office only about an hour that forenoon, and I had nothing to do while he was away except watch the vessels in the East river and wonder why I couldn't be cheerful any more.

About 12 o'clock Mrs. Hamlin suddenly appeared. I had to sit in that big room alone with her for half an hour, and it was a trial. She pretended not to know that I was alive, but she had studied me from all points of view before she had been there ten minutes.

After awhile I got scared, and I began surreptitiously to muss up my hair, pull my necktie around to one side and generally disguise my many